

**Camel Baking Powder**

One copy one year \$1.00  
One copy six months .50  
One copy three months .25

All kinds of JOB PRINTING carefully and promptly attended to. Call and see specimens and get prices.

Subscriptions are payable in advance and those not paid in advance will be charged for at the rate of \$1.25 per year.

Entered at the postoffice at Baxter Springs, Kansas, as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, JAN. 11.

**DIET OF RAW EGGS AND MILK.**

**Amos Bell By Feasting Cured Himself of Tuberculosis.**

## BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

CHARLES L. SMITH,  
Editor and Proprietor.

B. W. PATTON, Associate Editor.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 11.

## DIET OF RAW EGGS AND MILK.

### Amos Bell By Feasting Cured Himself of Tuberculosis.

Fairmount, Ind., Jan. 10.—Amos Bell, of this city, has without a doubt eaten more eggs than any man living, and they have all been raw eggs, too. He has been eating them at the rate of 18 each day for the past 147 days, and has put away just 2,046 raw eggs in that time, counting those used today.

Bell, who believes that he easily holds the record, has started the new year on the same diet, and says that he does not know when he will cease eating eggs. In addition to the eggs he has drunk 111 gallons of milk in the same time.

Bell has been a tuberculosis invalid three years, being confined to his bed for twelve months. At the time he commenced his feast he weighed 123 pounds, and his case had been diagnosed by no less than 12 physicians as incipient pulmonary tuberculosis.

On August 1st he placed himself in the hands of a doctor who gave the man no encouragement, but in lieu of something better decided to try the experiment of forced feeding and open air treatment. Raw eggs in large and frequent doses were prescribed, and for 147 days the diet has been kept up steadily and without interruption, although for a time it seemed that a halt would necessarily have to be called on account of the scarcity of eggs. Upon arising the patient swallows three eggs broken in a pint of milk and thoroughly mixed together. An hour later the dose is repeated. At noon he again takes the required three eggs in a pint of milk, and one hour later again repeats the dose. For supper he swallows three eggs in a pint of milk, and an hour later takes three more in the same manner. He has been taking no medicine whatever outside of a little preparation to keep him from being sickened on the continual diet of eggs, and the result is remarkable. Today he tips the beam at 143, within three pounds of his former heaviest weight, and is still gaining. He sleeps like a babe, has no cough no fever, his lungs have healed up and he is now breathing to the very bottom of these organs. He is daily taking long walks through town for exercise, and says he never felt better.

Newspaper advertising is today the trade wind of business prosperity. It is the power behind the power behind the throne, the power which sells the goods to the public and a power which no one business man disputes. It is to business the steam or electric power that makes the "wheels go round." Handsome stores, fine goods and gentlemanly clerks go a long way toward making business prosperity, but it is advertising that men and women have learned to depend upon to guide them to the best for their money; it is advertising that women read, not as a "failing," but for the purpose of knowing where something they want may be obtained at the best figure. Advertising is the fundamental principle of success. Advertising is the cheapest and best guide to business success. It has been demonstrated time and time again that newspaper advertising is essential to success as the very money with which the business was founded. In every city in America there are evidences where newspaper publicity has built up great stores' trades, has lifted failing business ventures to prosperity, has revolutionized existing conditions and made fortunes for those who used it as a necessity in their business.

## A COMPLETE EDUCATION.

A girl's education is incomplete unless she has learned.

To sew.  
To cook.  
To mend.  
To be gentle.  
To value time.  
To dress neatly.  
To keep a secret.  
To avoid idleness.  
To be self-reliant.  
To darn stockings.  
To respect old age.  
To keep clear of trashy literature.  
To be light-hearted and fleet-footed.

To make good bread.  
To keep a house tidy.  
To be agreeable gossiping.  
To make home happy.  
To control her temper.  
To take care of the sick.  
To take care of the baby.  
To sweep down cobwebs.  
To marry a man for his worth.

## IT WAS A TRUST.

Last week the electric, the homeopathic, the regular and the rubber doctors of Edna got together and decided that "in union there is strength," and forthwith fixed up a list of prices and announced to the people of Edna that there would be no jehing down as far medical attendance was concerned. A dodger proclaimed to the populace that ingrowing toe nails could not be treated for less than \$1; that a day call was so much, and that a patient could not settle by returning the calls when he got able to be around. The common herd retaliated by wiring for a new doctor and notified the county attorney who informed the M. D.'s that they were violating the state anti-trust law and advised them to collect their lodgers and destroy them. It was quite a sight, it is said, to see the dignified gentlemen chasing stray bits of paper around the little city—Chetopa Advance.

## THE FAULT FINDER.

Wonder when the city council will get up energy enough to see the need of some street crossings. When the new bank and hotel is built down in the mining camp some people are going to wonder why they were so blind.

Why the city council don't have a few are lights put on Military street, is Baxter Springs going to remain an incandescent light town?

Why in the name of goodness the city officials don't have some of the gutters opened up so the water can get away during and after a rain so the streets won't be entirely ruined?

If the business men of the town will have to have a brick house fall on them before they see the necessity of building a good gravel road down into the mining camp why let it fall, the sooner the better.

The stability of our mining camp is now assured beyond question. What method are the people of Baxter Springs going to take to tie the business of the mining camp to Baxter Springs? If they do not get busy on some sort of proposition to keep things coming this way they will wake up some morning and find the business gone. These are gospel facts.

Opportunity knocks but once. It is knocking now, will the business men and property owners of Baxter Springs build a good road down into the mining camp at once, or will they wait until it is too late? Of course the actual work could not be done this kind of weather, but it would be a mighty good idea for a bunch of fellows who have the time to get together and raise the money necessary to build the road. And they had better do it right away, too.

## FAULT FINDER.

John M. Cooper was quite ill at his home on River street this week.

See Bartlett for boiled ham, ham, bacon, bologna, pork, sausage, weinerwurst and fine lard.

Last Saturday Charlie Cook was 15 years old, and to celebrate the occasion he gave his friends a party. The young folks made merry until about ten o'clock when Mrs. Cook undertook to give them enough to fill them up, but her undertaking was a big one, and she gave it up after the youngsters had cleaned out everything on the place. They played all kinds of games such as "postoffice," "pillow," "button, button, who has the button?" "pussy wants a corner," etc., and made life miserable for the man. But the kids had a good time. Those present were Misses Opal Mason, Aelen McCammon, Zoe Gray, Mable Coleman, Marguerite Opperman, Estella Riseling, Rosa Freeman, Hazel Goodwin, Hawthorne Newton, Minnie Glasner, Ethel Cook, and Masters John Frank Noble, Albert Rardin, Ernie Rardin, Clarence Haskett, Clara Rehm, Ray Hemstreet, Herbert Gabbs, Frank Freeman, John Baxter, Chester Covey, Wallie Covey, Eddie Cox, Paul Mason, John Newton, Ray Hartley, Leslie Meyerding.

## Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had an awful cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was soon cured. I recommend it to all my friends whenever they have a cough."—Miss M. Maynard, Washington, D. C.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufactured by  
SARSAPARILLA PILLS.  
HAIR VIGOR.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

[First published Jan. 11, 1906.]

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I have made application to the probate court of Cherokee county, Kansas, for a druggists' permit to sell intoxicating liquors for medical, mechanical and scientific purposes, at my place of business on lot 6, in block 10, original plat, Baxter Springs, Kansas. Said application will be heard at the office of the probate judge in Columbus, Kansas on Friday, Feb. 16, 1906, at 5 o'clock p. m.

J. G. POLSTER,  
Applicant.

## TO HUNTERS

If you would know of a country which abounds in turkey, duck, quail, squirrels and other small game, with many a good chance at deer, get a copy of the new booklet "Feathers and Fins on the Frisco." It tells about hunting and fishing in the Ozarks and in the St. Francis valley. Sent free on request by A. Hilton, general passenger agent of Frisco System, St. Louis, Mo.

## Stop It.

A neglected cold or cold may lead to serious bronchitis or lung troubles. Don't take chances when Foley's Honey and Tar affords perfect security from serious effects of a cold. Sold by A. R. Kane.

Say, our new presses are doing first class work. If you want any kind of printing, no matter what, just bring your order to us, and we will get the work out for you in a hurry, and it will be well done too. Our job force likes to work the new presses, so come on with your orders.

An agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect is produced by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by A. R. Kane.

For sale—A nice pony, weighing 700 pounds. Will work single or double, or under the saddle; is six years old, very gentle, and just the kind of an animal for women or children. Call on Jim Smith.

I have for sale a mighty good residence property in this city. House of six rooms; horse barn; cow barn; lots of fruit; new poultry house; fine grape arbor; good cistern; corner property; will sell very reasonable, as wish to build a larger house. Call on Chas. I. Smith.

"Here lies mine babe, as dead as nits, Whom Gott has killed mit ager fite. He would not let him live mit me. So took him up to live mit He."

The child would have lived, had he been given Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. Sold by Morrow-Carney Drug Company.

I have for sale three eighty-acre tracts of land in the Indian Territory. There is a shack house on each eighty, and forty acres of each place is in cultivation. Fine water on each place. If you want a real bargain in Indian Territory land, you should buy one or all of these pieces. Price \$15 per acre.

"A great many of the country merchants put up a great talk about the mail order houses in the cities which are getting their trade away from them, but with all this outcry they are doing nothing to prevent it," says the Morton (Minn.) Enterprise. "You can't prevent people buying where they can buy the cheapest simply by use of invective. The only way country merchants can expect to compete with mail order houses is by meeting them on their ground—by advertising. There is absolutely no hope for the village merchant until he corrects a few of his time worn views about advertising. Advertising is simply telling what you have to sell and price. The argument that you have been in business a long time and the people know does not suffice. The people care very little about you personally, but it is your goods and the price at which you sell them."

**BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP** cures coughs and colds.

## MY FIRST CAPTURE

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

In the electric light I saw that it was not McGowan, though he was fitting a key into McGowan's front door. Then I remembered that all the McGowans were away for the summer. I stealthily approached. I leaped upon his shoulders.

"No resistance—you're my prisoner!" "That's so," he grunted. "I'm it."

We marched toward the jail. I had been in office but a week, and was proud of my first capture. He seemed inclined to be sociable.

"Pleasant weather we're having now."

I agreed that it was warm for May. "Great thing, these electric lights." I assented to this, too, adding that they were a protection to honest people.

"Yes," he nodded, "the profession hasn't much show these days."

We were at the jail presently. I halted in the lighted corridor, and, pushing open a door, stood aside for him to enter.

"This is your room. Hope you'll find it comfortable."

He looked about approvingly.

"Hm—southern exposure—head to the north—very nice, thank you."

"Glad you like it. Anything I can do further?"

"I rise early—suppose you have me called for my bath at seven."

I was going through his well-made clothes. He was unarmed. His pockets contained a little—a very little—change, and a small bunch of antiquated keys.

"Couldn't do much with those things," I commented.

"It is rather a poor outfit," he agreed. "Lucky I struck these free lodgings. I suppose I'm good here till court sits."

"Yes—second week in September."

"Just fits in with my plans. I think I'll like it here first rate. Good night."

I went away, grinning at his assurance. There was something free and western about it that appealed to me.

I rose early, to have a look at him by daylight. I listened a moment at his cell, then called through the little grated window.

"Seven o'clock!" I said. "You wanted an early call?"

The cell was empty.

I began to have an uncanny feeling, and wasted no time in getting out into the morning sunshine. As I opened the door at the end of the corridor I saw that somebody was sitting on the step. He turned just then, and I recognized him. It was my guest of the night before.

"Good morning!" he greeted. "It was pleasant outside, so I didn't wait for my call. I have been enjoying the sunrise."

I only stared at him.

"By the way, your locks are rather poor," he added. "You forgot to leave me a key last night, but it made no difference."

I pulled myself together.

"Perhaps you'd better come in now," I suggested, "and let me go over you again for those skeleton keys. I appreciate the fact that you didn't run away, and I want to treat you well, but business is business. I'm the new man here, and the public eye is upon me."

He returned to his cell quite willingly. There was literally nothing on his person that I could discover. I looked at him helplessly. He smiled—a pleasant, reassuring smile.

"Don't worry," he consoled; "I'm not likely to leave. I might go farther and fare worse."

He followed quite submissively to a cell across the way, where there was a lock of an altogether different pattern.

"I'll bring your breakfast down myself," I said. "Don't go, please, before I come," and went out, carefully locking the door.

Soon after I went to the window and looked down on the wide jail yard, in one corner of which was a vegetable garden. A man was weeding one of the beds. Then I stood stock still and stared. The man in the garden was my guest.

That was my weird summer.

I set myself now to solve this mystery—the secret of his power. When I looked him in his cell he showed no desire to leave it so long as I was near. Absent for a moment, I would be likely to hear the lawn mower, and would look out to find him cutting grass.

I tried friendship. I had installed him as a harmless eccentric, helping me for his board. I now proceeded to make his stay pleasant. Books, pictures, a carpet and some furniture were placed in his quarters, and I invited him to my private table. His conversation was usually cultured and interesting, but gave me no clue as to his secret.

It was during the first week of September that the cashier of our local bank fell dead one morning, just before opening time. Then it was found that nobody else knew the combination of the safe—nobody but the president who was somewhere in London or Paris.

Such a matter is of importance in a country town. I hurried over and saw the vice president in his private office. I did not go into details. I merely told him that I had a fellow helping around the jail who seemed to know a good deal about locks. I added that of course I could not say as to his experience with combinations, but that he seemed to have a facility for opening such locks as I had been able to offer him. Perhaps he could work the

bank's combination without hurting the safe, and save the expense of Chicago experts.

The vice president was incredulous, but willing to let the fellow try. If he succeeded they would pay him something handsome. Of course it would be impossible. Their safe was one of the best. Even experts would doubtless use tools. Still, he might try.

Sands was picking beans when I found him—Sefton Sands was the name he had given me. He put down his pan to listen.

"I want you to do it, Sands—for me. That bank was against me in the election. I am likely to need them by and by."

"What make of safe is it?" he asked, as we hurried along.

I told him. He smiled.

"That's rather a different job from those toy locks of yours."

"But you'll do it!"

"I'll try. Stranger things have happened."

We had reached the bank by this time. Sands walked directly over to the safe, merely nodding to the vice president. The banker's smile was a mixture of toleration and contempt.

"Well," he laughed, "I suppose you can open it."

Sands laid his fingers on the lock, but made no reply.

"Pretty good safe, eh?" sneered the banker.

Perhaps Sands was a bit annoyed.

"Oh, yes," he admitted, pleasantly. "Pretty good old bread box; but I wouldn't keep cookies in it, if I were you."

The banker flushed.

"Oh, you wouldn't! Well, I'll just give you a hundred dollar bill if you open that old bread box!"

Perhaps Sands did not hear him. He was bending very close to the combination knob, beginning to turn it with (his tapering, sentinel fingers. Somehow we all became still, watching those marvelous fingers as if fascinated. The way they slipped and crept and hovered about the secret of that nickel disc wrought a spell of silence upon the little group of watchers. Something in it all suggested the cat stealing noiselessly upon its prey. It was almost hypnotic.

Presently the fingers hesitated, ceased. A wave of disappointment swept in upon me. A smile grew on the banker's face.

For an instant only—the cat had but gathered for the final spring. So fast the eye could not follow, the fingers sent the revolving disc spinning to the right. An instant's pause, and a second spinning, to the left—shorter this time. Then once more to the right—to the left—to the right—a slight clicking sound, and Sands stood, facing us.

"Your safe is unlocked, sir. I will allow you to open it."

It was on the night before court opened that I went quietly down the corridor to his cell. His lamp was lit—but looking in I could not see him. Rather eagerly I unlocked the door. Sands' cell was empty, and a note lay under the shaded lamp.

"Dear Sheriff, and Friend:—It grieves me to go without saying good-by, but I do not wish to embarrass you with further responsibility. As it is, your conscience may rest clear. I was not trying to enter that house last spring; I wished only to open the door of your acquaintance. For reasons I will not explain, my supply of funds was low and temporary seclusion desirable. I needed quiet summer retirement where I could complete certain plans and exchange light exercise for summer board. You have treated me like a gentleman, and in return I have only been able to keep your garden in order, and to oblige you in the little matter of the banker's safe, which, though having no wish to be in the public eye, I was willing to undertake at your request. The banker's reward will carry me to where I have reason to believe there is a piece of art work needed that is likely to pay very well. Please keep the little bunch of antiques—some people might call them keys—as a memento of our friendship. They were only intended to unlock your sympathy. Put with them, for contrast, the inclosed, from yours gratefully,

"Sefton Sands."

I shook the envelope and something fell out. It was a slender piece of steel wire, sharp at the ends, half circular in form, probably to fit some hiding place. It seemed very stiff, yet appeared to have been variously bent and straightened. I worked with it for an hour—bending, straightening and twisting it in the cell lock. It was of no avail in my clumsy fingers. I should have remained imprisoned through the ages had my release depended on that bit of steel.

A week later the papers were filled with accounts of the great burglary of the Metropolitan National. It was without parallel in the history of bank robberies. A tunnel requiring months to construct had culminated with a piece of lock work of such surpassing skill that bankers, detectives and safe manufacturers were alike appalled. A vast sum of money had been obtained.

I read these accounts with interest, and rather guiltily telegraphed Sands' description. Nothing came of it. The burglars were never captured, and my conclusions may have been quite absurd. Yet I have somehow always connected the affair of the Metropolitan National with the "piece of art work" referred to by Sefton Sands.

## Battle Picture.

Thomas M. Henry, a noted British marine painter, has just finished a picture of the naval battle of Copenhagen, April 2, 1801, which covers an area of 80 square feet, and has on it 66 pounds of paint. The industrious artist was out 50 brushes on it.

## "EVERY DAY AND SUNDAY TOO"

The Topeka State Journal now Publishes a Paper for Every Day in the Year.

The State Journal is the largest daily in Kansas, ten pages, and tries to be the best.

It is not the cheapest; there are cheap papers, \$1 a year and upward but this is not one of them.

It is printed for those who like a clean, bright, interesting, wholesome, fearless, newspaper of the highest grade and for those who expect to pay a fair living price for it.

It is independent republican in politics and has been in that class for twenty years.

The State Journal is not running a department store; simply a first class newspaper. If you want books, encyclopedias, shrubs, chromos, pictures, talking machines, hay rakes, or pianos, we don't throw them in. Go to your regular dealer in merchandise for that. We simply sell news and advertising space, that's all.

The State Journal recently added a superb 20-page Sunday morning edition, giving its reader a paper for every day in the week.

It has also just installed a three-deck twenty-eight page color press, the largest and finest piece of printing machinery in the state.

The comic pages in the Sunday issue since December 3, are regularly printed in color; the first time anything of the kind has ever been attempted by a Kansas newspaper.

The price of the paper everywhere by mail, by carrier, or by news stands, is 10 cents per week, \$1 for ten weeks, \$1.30 for three months, \$3 for twenty weeks, \$2.60 for six months. Subscribe through your news dealer, postmaster or rural route carrier or address us.

THE TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL,  
Topeka, Kansas.

## DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.

Lang Bros., Druggists, Paducah, Ky., write: "We sell more of Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure than all other remedies combined, having retailed over 700 bottles in one season. Physicians here prescribe it and persons who once use it will have no other. Sold by Morrow-Carney Drug Company."

## CHEAP LOTS.

We have some cheap residence lots from \$10 to \$25 each for sale to parties who wish to build.

We will sell these lots on easy terms to any one who wishes to secure a home. Rents are going up and the money you pay in rent will give you a nice home of your own.

This offer is open but for a short time as we have but a few lots to sell on time. Call at once and get prices. You will never buy them as cheap as now.

DANIELS & PLUMB.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best Made.

"In my opinion Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best made for cold," says Mrs. Cora Walker of Porterville, California. There is no doubt about its being the best. No other will cure a cold so quickly. No other is so sure a preventive of pneumonia. No other is so pleasant and safe to take. These are good reasons why it should be preferred to any other. The fact is that few people are satisfied with any other after having once used this remedy. For sale by A. R. Kane.

## BLANKS IN PLENTY.

This week we printed a large supply of the following blanks:

Territory farm leases.

State farm leases.

Territory chattel mortgages.

State chattel mortgages.

Our stock of legal blanks is now very near complete, and our prices much lower than can be found elsewhere. Our wholesale price is considerably less than that made by the larger supply houses.

## Stomach Troubles and Constipation.

"Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are the best thing for stomach troubles and constipation I have ever sold," says J. R. Cullman, a druggist of Porterville, Mich. They are easy to take and always give satisfaction. I tell my customers to try them and if not satisfactory to come back and get their money, but have never had a complaint." For sale by A. R. Kane.

## Presbyterian Church Notices.

Sabbath school 9:45 a. m. Morning service at 11:00 a. m. Evening service, 7:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor Society, Sunday 2:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor Sunday 8:00 p. m. Young Peoples Bible Class Friday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

You are heartily invited to attend all the above services.

24 Out of 25.

Pocahontas, Ark. Feb. 17, 1905.

"Ship 3 gross Dr. Mendenhall's Chill and Fever Cure. I have been selling your Chill Cure for 7 years and find that 24 out of 25 who once use it will have no other. W. H. Skinner, Druggist." Sold by Morrow-Carney Drug Company.